Through The Darkness

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/852145.

Rating:	Not Rated
Archive Warning:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter, Alana Bloom
Additional Tags:	Hurt/Comfort, Torture, Fear, Emotional Breaking, Friendship, Angst, Nightmares, Memories, Flashbacks, Pain, Brainwashing, Abduction, AU
Language:	English
Series:	Part 6 of Hannibal Kink Meme Prompt Fills
Stats:	Published: 2013-06-21 Updated: 2013-08-13 Words: 16,703 Chapters: 12/?

Through The Darkness

by KoolJack1

Summary

Written For The Prompt: I'm mostly interested in the rescue and recovery, the actual torture can be addressed in as much or as little detail as possible.

Hannibal was abducted by someone worse than he is. They tortured him for months or even years. Everyone had given up on finding him alive or dead, except Will. Will kept looking.

When Will does rescue him, Hannibal is broken enough that he keeps trying to admit to being the Chesapeake Ripper, but no one believes him. They think his captor was the Ripper, and that Hannibal was brainwashed.

I don't care about the rest. I just like watching strong characters taken apart and put back together again.

http://hannibalkink.dreamwidth.org/1847.html?thread=2982711#cmt2982711

Chapter 1

When they do find him, Will wishes he felt more relieved; he only felt worse. He'd spent every night for the past five months wondering what was happening to Hannibal Lecter, but seeing now made it real. His imagination hadn't prepared him for the real thing. Directions to this location were called in from an untraceable phone-which was expected. No one knew what the address was when the information was passed on to Jack Crawford, as the caller had requested. Will knew, the second he heard it.

"It's him Jack, that's the man that has Hannibal." Crawford had looked at him like he was insane, but agreed to check it out anyway. Jack didn't completely think he was crazy apparently; he'd brought a team with them, medics included, to the address that turned out to be an abandoned meat packaging warehouse.

Jack had insisted Will wait with the cars until they did their initial sweep of the building, and only six minutes went by before Crawford came back out. Face grave, Jack waved him over, "I need you to remain in control of yourself, but I think it will keep him calm if you're in there." Will knew who he was, and he passed Jack and headed inside without a response.

"Downstairs," Jack called from behind him, and he took them two at a time until he was on a different floor. The room was cold and musty; it reeked of decay. Swallowing the sickness in his stomach he looked at the other agents who stood a few feet back from someone else. Will almost didn't believe who it was, the site before him too disfigured to be the man he'd been looking for. The body was completely nude, hanging from it's wrists that were locked in chains from a pipe. Will's heart pounded hard enough to break his ribs, the silence in the room making the man before him seem more dead. Of course he wasn't dead, Jack would have told him.

He took a few tentative steps closer, "Get him out of here," he whispered to anyone who would listen.

"We had to send someone to get something that can cut through those chains. I figured you'd be the best person to talk to him first," Jack said from the bottom of the stairs.

Will struggled to control his emotions, reminding himself that this wasn't the time to lose it. He stepped even closer, glancing down at the mangled feet that brushed the floor. He wasn't even trying to put weight on his legs, Will imagined he was too weak and that they hurt to bad. The cuts were deep, most were angry red and oozing puss; Will could smell the infections seeping through his body. His bones were protruding through his translucent skin, as if he hadn't eaten since his disappearance.

Will's face was hot, and he cleared his throat, "Hannibal." His voice was as calm, steady, and comforting as he could make it. The man in the chains jerked at the word, swaying from the ceiling. He remained silent, dangling from the chains like a rag doll. Lost, Will wasn't sure what to do. "Hannibal, it's Will. Jack and everyone is here too, we're going to take you out of

here and get you help." His voice trembled and he reached a gentle hand to touch the matted hair that was tangled on Hannibal's head.

The man jerked his head up, his arms pulling at the chains in desperation to touch the floor. Will made eye contact with him for the first time, and the raw emotion there was overwhelming. Hannibal was never one for emotions, yet his eyes displayed them all perfectly for Will now. Saliva and blood dangled from his chin as he stared at Will. Will knew Hannibal, he knew that he'd be beyond disgusted with the state of his body right now. The man he knew would want to get out of here and clean, he'd been telling them to stop fussing over him. The man looking at him now wasn't that person anymore, Will could feel he was different.

"I'm so sorry, Will," he groaned, his breathing suddenly erratic.

Will's jaw fell open for a second before he answered, "You have nothing to be sorry for, we found you and you're going to be okay."

Hannibal shook his head, flinching when more agents came closer with cutters for the chain and a stretcher. "I lied to you Will, everything was a lie I don't deserve to be saved." He gasped for breath, on the verge of panic when gloved hands held his arms above his head as the chains were undone. He was hauled onto the stretcher, his body nearly convulsing with the need to breathe. The panting was cut off by a cry when they slowly brought his stiff arms down to rest at his sides on the bed. Will flinched, trying to step into Hannibal's line of view while the other man babbled in an unfamiliar language out of panic.

Jack's hand was on his shoulder, pulling him back, "You need to give them room to work on him, Will. Getting in the way wont help." They stopped and the stretcher was carried by four medics back up the stairs, Hannibal hidden between them on the bed. "Will?"

Will didn't say anything, instead he turned away from Jack just in time to empty his stomach onto the floor.

Chapter 2

Will had wanted to ride to the hospital with the ambulance, but instead found himself in Jack's passenger seat following close behind it. Will imagined the other man in the back of the emergency vehicle; anxious, pained, and confused. He felt anxiety tighten in his chest and he gasp quietly, Jack chose not to comment.

-

They weren't allowed to see him right away, he was taken directly to surgery and for an MRI. He knee bounced restlessly in the waiting room until a fair looking nurse came to gather him and Jack.

"His injuries will heal, we've set his shoulders so he'll regain full motion. He'd hung from them for some time, his wrists needed to be treated for infected lacerations and breaks. He has a few broken fingers, his left ankle, and two ribs. He'd being treated for infections, but we expect he'll make a full recovery. What we are concerned about is some head injuries. The MRI revealed what appears to be old head injuries."

The doctor's voice sounded like it was miles away, muffled by his heart pounding in his ears. Jack had the same grim yet professional look on his face, and Will didn't understand how he could manage to stay neutral right now.

"He hasn't been lucid enough for us to gauge if he suffered any lasting damage from those injuries."

Will cleared his throat, "What...caused them? The head injuries?"

Both Jack and the doctor looked at him, "There's no way for us to be certain, but there's two of them. The angle of the one that seems the oldest looks as if he was hit with a blunt object- very hard. The second looks as if he hit something, it's more towards the front of his skull."

Will pressed the back of his hand to his mouth, "He did ask for you, repeatedly. Mr. Graham. It was the only words he said in English. He needs to rest, but he should be awake by now if you'd like to see him." Will nodded mutely and followed the doctor to a different room.

Hannibal looked better. His hair had been washed and cut, the blood cleaned, and the cuts dressed. His skin didn't look so pale anymore either, and Will was slightly calmed; he didn't look dead anymore. "We have him on fluids, he was very dehydrated." The doctor said quietly, staying for just a moment longer before shutting the door behind him.

Will approached the bed slowly, wondering if the other man would open his eyes. "Hannibal?"

The man's eyebrows pulled together uncertainly, "It's Will." He opened his eyes then, looking up at his face blearily.

"I can't believe you found me."

Will smiled slightly, "I'm very glad we did. Lay still, you're in pretty bad shape."

"When I'm healed," his face fell in despair, "Where will you take me?"

Will stepped closer, reaching a tentative hand to brush against Hannibal's, "You could stay with me for awhile if you'd like, or someone else-"

Hannibal cut him off, "I'm hurt but I'm not stupid, Will. I know you know; he told me he knew and so did the FBI."

Will retracted his hand, "You're confused, Hannibal. We don't know anything that happened."

The beeping heart monitor increased it's pace, "No, he said he chose me because of who I was. He said he told you who I was and that I wasn't a priority to find."

The beeping increased further and Will glanced at the machine, "You need to calm down, Hannibal. Who are you? Why did he choose you?"

His eyes shut tightly, "The Ripper." It came out as a gasp, his eyes opening to look up at him for a reaction.

"He told you you were the Ripper?"

Exasperated, "No, he said he knew I was. I know I am, I always was Will. He said he knew and that's why he chose me. Hunting the hunter, he called it."

Hannibal was gasping for air again, verging on hyperventilating. The machines beeped in warning and Will glanced anxiously at the door for a nurse. "He manipulated you, Hannibal. He made you believe what he was doing was justified, we're going to catch him. We think he is the Ripper." Will was having trouble breathing now too, anxiety bouncing off the walls in the room. "Please, breathe slower and calm down before you make yourself worse."

Lecter huffed at him, "You've got it all wrong," he insisted, trying to sit up. Just before he panicked, three nurses came in and pushed him aside. He stood silently while they injected something into the other man's IV and his eyes fluttered closed.

Chapter 3

Will must have dozed off in the chair next to Hannibal's bed, because a gentle hand on his arm startles him. A quick glance at Hannibal tells him he is still asleep, and then he looks up at Alana. She's smiling sadly, and he has to look away; his eyes landing on flowers and a balloon on the table near the bed.

"The room is so bleak, I wanted to bring him something colorful," she explains awkwardly. It goes unspoken that Hannibal and flowers are a strange mix. "How's he doing?"

Will sits up and Alana approaches the bed, she doesn't hesitate to take one of Hannibal's bandaged hands in hers. "Physically he's going to be okay, but they saw some older head injuries that they're concerned about. Mentally, I can't tell yet. He's very panicky when he's awake, he can't seem to control his breathing-" Will's voice breaks and he clears his throat, "-and he...confessed to being the Ripper."

Alana inhaled sharply, soaking it in, "We need to find who did this, Will. He got inside his head, they tortured him."

"I know," Will says, looking anywhere but at Hannibal.

-

He can't stand up anymore, that's when he knows he couldn't fight back. His body was taxed out, he could feel it. The man approached him, the mask on his face covering anything that would distinguish who he was. Hannibal laid in the corner where he'd managed to crawl, panting and trying to wipe the sweat from his eyes. He keeps his hands close to his chest, the chain attached to them hanging on the ground. His arms hurt, they're trembling from supporting all of his weight as he dangled from above. When the chains were released and he crashed to the floor, only managing to crawl away; he knew his body couldn't handle a fight.

His captor was standing at his desk, calmly arranging something Hannibal couldn't see.

"What do you do to your victims, right before they die? Do they plead for their life?" The eerie calm of his voice makes Hannibal flinch, and the look he turns on him makes him cringe back even further.

He approaches him, grabbing a fist full of his hair and tying the blind flood tightly around his eyes. "Stand up," the man demands, and he tries, his legs giving out before he can even get to his knees. He doesn't get a second try; the chains holding his wrists are yanked and he falls forward. He feels a blade at his throat briefly before it begins to cut through his shirt. Panic wells in him again when it continues on through his pants.

"No," he whispers brokenly, knowing it's useless. The man caresses his bloodied back with his fingers, and Hannibal shutters.

"A break from all this will do you go," the other man replies, and the chains jerk again and he's dragged along the floor. Hannibal does his best to breathe, only managing gasps of air that aren't enough to fill his lungs.

When they stop moving, he hears a heavy metal door open and his heart pounds harder than he'd ever felt before; hard enough that his battered ribs protest. When the blind fold is removed and he sees his mask hovering inches away, he stumbles back. The chains tighten and the other man hoists him to his feet, holding the chains tight as he finds his balance. "I made the tank myself, it'll cut off all your senses," the man says proudly, pulling the chain to make him step closer.

Hannibal doesn't have time to react, he's tugged forward and pushed into the water. He struggles to surface again, opening his eyes to find the other man leaning over the side. "Float on your back," he's panting again, shaking his head. His fingers grasp at the side, nails scratching in an attempt to get out. The man stares at him for a second longer before standing up and closing the lid.

It's pitch black, the chill from the water raising goosebumps on his skin. He doesn't want to let go of the wall, afraid he wont be able to find it again.

-

Alana and Will stand over him, listening to his shallow breathing and desperate murmurs. Alana gently strokes his hair, and Will wonders if it would be a good idea to wake him from whatever dream he'd fallen into. He knows first hand how terrifying it is to reach the surface so suddenly. He'd been thrashing around, and a nurse had come in to place soft restraints on his wrists to hold them to the bar of the bed. It made Will even more uncomfortable, but Alana reminded him this was for his own safety.

Hannibal comes around on his own, his eyes bursting open; he sucks in a breath like a man who's just surfaced from under the water. He discovers he's restrained right away, and Alana rushes to reassure him.

"We were afraid you were going to hurt yourself, we can have-"

"I'm the Ripper," he sighs, "You should be arresting me, not comforting me."

Alana slips into psychiatrist mode, and Will's eyes focus on the floor. "Hannibal, what makes you think you're the Ripper?"

"I know I am, I remember what I did. He knew too," he seems relieved to be saying it.

"You know what the power of suggestion does, Hannibal," she reminded gently. The man huffed.

"I'm a psychiatrist too, Alana. That isn't what happened here."

Will glances up at her, and she smiles sadly, "Why don't you tell me what he did to you?"

"No," his voice is stronger now, he sounds more like the man Will remembers, "Either arrest me for the crimes I'm confessing too, or let me leave the hospital. I'm a doctor too, I can treat myself." Alana starts to protest, but Will reaches for the soft cuffs on his wrists.

"Will?" she questions.

"We're treating him like a mental patient, he's a victim. Making him feel powerless and as if his own memory is lying to him isn't going to help," he says quietly, coming around the bed to undo the other arm.

"I'm getting the doctor," she's angry, but Will doesn't care. Hannibal's emotions are making him dizzy, and he knows these feelings. He knows how terrible it is to have everyone else telling you you're own memories are wrong; how terrible it is for them to take your power of choice away.

Alana is back with a doctor, "Dr. Lecter, I have to insist you don't check yourself out. You've only been here for 3 days. We have a lot of tests we still need to run."

"I'm not dehydrated anymore, none of my injuries are life threatening. Write me a script for any medication and I can handle it from there."

The doctor looks frustrated, and with a glance at Alana; he gives in, "I can't force you to stay, you can sign the discharge papers at the desk."

Alana is furious, Will can feel it, "The man isn't well yet, and you're going to let him walk out of here?"

She follows the doctor out of the room and they're alone again. "Will you stay with me for awhile?" Will asks him quietly, glancing up to see Hannibal easing himself into the sitting position.

"I don't want to impose on you, Will."

"You wouldn't be, or I could stay at your house if you'd feel more comfortable there." Hannibal knows Will is out on a limb, way out of his comfort zone. He's willing to step outside the realm of comfort to help him, it makes his heart ache in a foreign way.

"You'll need to take care of your dogs, if you don't mind me staying with you, I will."

Chapter 4

Will knows he's a terrible host, and an even worse nurse. The knowledge makes him uneasy as they pull up to his darkened house. They'd stopped off at Hannibal's so the man didn't have to stay in the one size fits all scrub pants and cotton t-shirt. He was disturbingly thin in a way that a first glance may make him appear to have some type of eating disorder.

Will tried to drive smoothly, preventing the car from jerking. It was dark, nearly after eleven at night and the streets were pretty much empty. He was thankful for it, he wasn't prepared to handle an overwhelmed Hannibal. His companion was pretty much quiet, and when they'd arrived at his home; they went inside without a word.

Hannibal looked around as if he'd never been there, his fingers brushing over the surfaces of his own belongings. Will stood by silently, averting his eyes in an attempt to create the illusion of privacy. "I'm not going to kill again," he said suddenly, and Will's eyes snapped up.

"You don't have to believe me, but I know who I was," he continued, and Will swallowed the heaviness in his throat.

"The Ripper has been killing while you were...away," as if that solved anything.

"It isn't possible, Will. It's a copycat," he wasn't trying to convince him anymore, just stating a fact he knew to be true.

"The man who had you was probably the Ripper, Hannibal. He knew you were helping us try to catch him." Anger and frustration radiated from the older man, and Will stepped back.

"Now I understand how frustrated you must have felt when we told you your memories were false, and you knew they were true." The statement sent a shiver down Will's spine, and the other man went down the hall to pack a bag.

-

When they'd arrived at Will's, Will awkwardly contemplating how to handle the situation in his head. He'd sleep on the couch so Hannibal could have his bed, but what if he had another nightmare? What if Will had one? He unlocked the front door, and the herd of dogs barreled past him, nearly knocking Hannibal over. The other man stood stone still, only moving again when Will forcefully took hold of his arm and led him inside.

The lights came on and Will watched as Hannibal repeated the process he had at his own house. He examined the room carefully, even though he'd been there before as well. "I can make us something to eat. The doctors said you should probably eat small portions of softer food until your body adjusts to normal portions," Will broke the awkward silence.

The mention of eating seemed to make Hannibal uneasy, "I'd prefer not to eat right now."

Will looked at him until the other man looked up, and then he finally looked away; "The only way they agreed to check you out is if I ensured you ate and drank plenty, and got plenty of sleep."

The other man was silent again, and the discomfort was making Will nauseous, "Hannibal, I know you haven't had any control over what's happened to you since you went missing. I don't want to keep making you do things you don't want to do, but eating, drinking, and sleeping are a must; for all of us. I don't like doing them either, but if you do that as you're supposed to; you can choose whatever else you'd like to do. We can go somewhere, talk, not talk, read, fly kites..."

Hannibal's lips turned up slightly when Will looked back up at him, "I wish you believed me. I want you to believe who I am and continue to be a friend to me."

"You want me to believe you're the Ripper?"

Hannibal nodded, "I killed all those people, I used to eat them."

Will smiled sadly, "Okay, Hannibal. I believe you and I still want to continue our friendship."

"Stop, Will."

"He told you these things to brainwash you. You used to tell me to stop letting delusions disguise my reality, remember? These are delusions disguising your reality, he wanted you to think you were suffering as a punishment."

Hannibal shut his eyes and inhaled deeply, "I missed you while I was gone, Will."

Will felt his face get hot and he turned to busy himself with something on his desk. He heard Hannibal sit down on the couch. "I didn't stop looking for you, even when Jack said there was nearly no chance of finding you alive."

"I made peace with the fact that I was more than likely going to die."

They both spoke so calmly, as if discussing the weather. Will turned and sat awkwardly next to him on the other end of the couch. "I don't feel like changing or eating right now, perhaps can I sleep?" His accent seemed thicker now than before he left, either from lack of practice or...Will wondered if it was his head injuries. He wondered if Hannibal even knew he had them. The doctors had wanted to run tests to see if they'd effected his functionality. Physically, he seemed to operate normally. Will did notice tremors in his hands occasionally, even a twitch in his face. Aside from that, just his personality and accent had seemed to change.

"I can take you to my bedroom-"

"I want to stay down here, if you'll be down here." He didn't wait for an answer, instead he turned slightly and rested his head on the arm of the couch. Will awkwardly stood to get him a pillow and blanket, returning less than two minutes later to see he was already asleep. He

draped the blanket over his form and left the pillow on the floor next to him. He hovered before leaving the other man to rest.

-

When the lid to his own personal hell finally opened again, Hannibal felt as if he had died down there. The darkness with the silence and cool water had overcome him, and he'd taken to clinging to the wall and whimpering just to hear something. The light invaded the small space so intensely he was completely blinded, yet he struggled to claw himself free and out of the water.

The chain was pulled and he was dragged out, squirming on the dry cement. There was someone else here, besides him and his captor. He heard whimpering- a woman's whimpering. When his eyes adjusted he found a source. The woman looked about his age, and she was stripped of her clothes as well. Bloodied and beaten, she sobbed quietly. Her hair was dark, contrasting against her very blue eyes. She was beautiful, he would have found her radiant under different circumstances.

She crawled towards him, her bloodied hands reaching to touch his cheek. He sat on his knees, hunched over, looking from her to his captor in confusion. "I heard you can do wonderful things with a knife, Ripper." A knife clattered to the floor in front of him, followed by the barrel of a gun pressed to the back of his neck while the other hand reached down to free his hands. Understanding flooded him, and he watched as the woman moved even closer as she understood too. "Show me how good you are with a knife, Dr. Lecter. I know the urges must be terrible for you, like an itch you haven't been able to scratch in so long. So scratch, Lecter. Kill her, maybe I'll even cook her for you as a treat." The man stepped back, and Hannibal stared at the woman before him.

She cried even harder, her arms wrapping around his shoulders and she sobbed against him, "I have three children and a husband, please don't do this." He was frozen, overwhelmed. She leaned back, her fingers gently touching his bruised face. "How long have you been here? I'm a doctor, I can try to help you." He didn't speak, her fingertips brushed over his lips. "You don't have to hurt me," she whispered, smiling at him slightly. He wanted to ask when he took her, why, from where; his words died on his lips. "I have three girls, one's in middle school the other two are in high school. Do you have kids?"

He tried to formulate a response when something crashed against the back of his skull. His ears rang, his eyes rolled around in his head and he fell onto her then crashed against the floor. "Losing your touch, Lecter? Were you that easy to beat the violence out of?" Her hands held the back of his head.

She cried quietly over him, putting pressure onto the wound. "You're going to kill him," she whimpered. Their captor pulled her away from him, forcing him to sit upright again.

"Kill her," he said again, the knife was forced into his shaking hands.

The urge to hurt her just wasn't there, he blinked at her; trying to determine which of the four of her he was seeing was actually her. His vision was blurry and he attempted to crawl towards her. He collapsed half a foot away from her, "Take it." The woman didn't hesitate to

grab it from him, "Kill me." The words fell out of his mouth, "or I'll have to kill you." She crawled towards him, and he shut his eyes just as a shot echoed around them, and she fell to the floor dead.

-

Will was shaking him when he opened his eyes, his hands coming up to tighten on Will's shirt. "You were having a dream, Hannibal." He looked around trying to breathe deeply.

"I know how terrible nightmares are," he whispered, holding onto Hannibal just as tightly, in an attempt to anchor him to the real world.

"I have trouble remembering what happened when I'm awake, but I remember everything when I fall asleep," he says shakily, and Will smiles slightly at him.

"I know how that feels, do you remember what the dreams are about? I know I'm not you or qualified but when we'd talk about mine...I did feel better." Will mentally scolded himself for being so awkward.

"There was a woman he brought to me, he wanted me to kill her. I tried to have her kill me, but he killed her instead," his voice was indifferent, distant.

"Her death isn't your fault, Hannibal. You didn't kill her." He clung to Will tighter as the man went to lean back to give him space.

"I know it isn't, I don't know why I dreamt about her." Will knows he's disconnected himself from the experience, and he doesn't respond; he just sits close and lets Hannibal hold onto his shirt tightly.

Chapter 5

They settled into a routine. Will would wake up and shower, then find Hannibal sitting reading somewhere in the house; dogs on guard at his feet. He'd tell Hannibal to shower, since he'd realized the man wouldn't do anything without prompting. He would, and Will would make them some poor attempt at a meal that Hannibal would take a few bites of. Will almost wanted to ask him to cook. Hannibal dressed his own wounds, Will just left the first aid kit out for him. He limped a little, and was extra gentle with his hands; his wrists still bothered him. Will pretended not to notice the slight trembling in his hands.

A few days had past and no one came looking for them, they didn't even leave the house. His phone rang one morning when Hannibal was showering.

"Hello, Alana."

"Hey Will, how are you? How's Hannibal?"

Will couldn't say he didn't miss her, "I'm okay, doing better. Hannibal is...not himself, but not exactly bad."

Alana was quiet for a moment, "You have to make sure he's eating Will, and showering. Going outside and interacting with people. Get him doing things he liked before, get him talking about what happened. He needs to heal, Will. He needs support and to be cared for right now. He should still be in the hospital."

Wil rubbed his hand over his face, "I know you think that I can hardly look after myself, so that I can't look after him; but we're doing okay. Baby steps, he's really distant. I don't think he's ready to join society again."

Alana laughed slightly, "I know you can take care of yourself Will, and that you can take care of him too. He just needs to be cared for mentally in the way he needs right now. People are very traumatized after something like that happens to them, they don't recover quickly, not even Hannibal."

"I assure you, Alana, he's making some progress. He eats and reads and showers, we talk too. He likes my dogs."

"Animals can be very therapeutic. Would you mind if I stopped by sometime this week?"

He wanted to be aggravated at her, but he couldn't. He wanted to see her.

"Yes, I'll talk to Hannibal about it and call you back with a time."

He knew he had to get Hannibal to do better before she came by, she'd expect more progress than they'd made.

Will can't say he minds Hannibal relying on him, he just never imagined it happening before. The man was the perfect picture of composure and understanding; nothing had been out of his control before he went missing.

Will tried to connect the man that stayed with him now to his psychiatrist and friend that he had been before. Will tried hard to remember Hannibal's unemotional face and lack of reactions, and then the tiny smile that he'd allow other's to see on just certain occasions. The way Will could say anything to him and he never made him feel unstable. Nothing unsettled him.

Hannibal didn't even like wearing his suits anymore. Will had offered to bring him back to his house to retrieve more clothing when they'd decided he'd be staying longer, and Will was shocked to see that Hannibal had brought none of his typical clothes with him.

He only brought jeans and t-shirts- things Will never even imagined Hannibal would own, let alone wear.

It was refreshing, though Will would never let on that he actually enjoyed not being the weak one for once. Having someone else to look out for had taken his mind from his own troubles. He needed to hold it together for his friend.

This Hannibal was a completely new man. The doctor's had explained that it was a good possibility he wouldn't return completely to who he was before, and Will knew that was logical. But the extreme changes were beyond Will's ability to understand. Hannibal wasn't average before, and now he'd switched to the other end of extreme behaviors.

This man wouldn't touch knives, he got uncomfortable when Will used them. He wouldn't eat, Will had to practically beg him to eat just a few bites. Will was okay with his difficult patient, it gave him something to focus on.

He'd sit there for hours until Hannibal managed to get down enough food that Will was satisfied. It probably wasn't enough to satisfy a doctor, it wasn't a healthy amount; but Will was often so proud that he'd gotten him to eat that he forgot to eat himself.

Hannibal didn't socially interact with anyone besides him, he didn't even go outside on a daily basis. This man did seem to like his dogs more, Will often found him laying with them. It made him happy, to see someone else enjoying his home and his way of doing things.

He was even more elated that it was Hannibal he was sharing this with. Will tried not to imagine them in their own little bubble that no one would pop. Even Jack had stepped back, giving Will space to stay with his friend in need. They could both go days without leaving the house.

Will even enjoyed Hannibal's less graceful movements, his man was jerky and twitchy. Will wondered if it was the head injuries.

Sometimes he even forgot that he was supposed to be trying to help Hannibal get better, and letting him stagnate the way he was wasn't productive.

So he found himself standing awkwardly in the doorway, dressed to go outside; Hannibal was reading on the couch. "Would you like to take the dogs for a walk with me?"

The other man didn't respond, but stood slowly and slipped on his jacket and running sneakers- WIll was shocked he owned a pair.

Hannibal took slow, deliberate steps when he walked now; always cautious. The dogs walked along beside them as Will led him through the field that surrounded his house. Winston barked and the dogs took off in a run, and Hannibal jumped besides him and took a step back.

Will stopped with him, gently touching the other man's arm, "It's alright, they just saw another animal."

"Are you closer to finding him?" Hannibal hardly ever spoke now, he just followed Will's instructions. When he spoke, it was always important.

"No, there have been no more murders matching the Ripper's MO. And there haven't been anymore disappearances. That woman you said he brought you, can you tell me about her?"

He inhaled deeply, taking a step back away from him, "She had dark hair and startling blue eyes; she was lovely looking. I would have guessed about my age. She...told me she had three children. Girls, one she said was in middle school, the other two in high school. Also a husband, she said she was married." His steady eyes were now focused on the ground, unable to look at Will anymore.

Will was terrible with eye contact, but now that Hannibal hardly ever looked even at his face was disheartening. He gripped Hannibal's arm reassuringly, "I'll let Jack know, we can cross reference that with missing people and narrow it down. That's helpful."

Hannibal didn't respond, and Will released his arm, "You need more help than i can give you." He might as well say it out loud and get Hannibal to agree.

"I think you're exactly what I need."

Will smiled slightly though Hannibal didn't see, "You were a well rounded, sane person. I've always been unstable, this is the blind leading the blind. I want to help you, but I can't even get you to eat."

He looked up then and slipped his hands in his pockets, "I was a monster."

Will looked away, "Would you be alright with me inviting Alana over? She's called a few times, I think she's onto us. Maybe if we let her see both of us alive and coping she wont be so hesitant to let you stay with me."

Hannibal's lips twitched into a half smile, "She's concerned about my progress?"

"Yeah, she thinks we stay inside all day and don't eat and don't talk. Which is basically the truth, but I don't see it as a problem."

"Professionally, it is a problem; for the two of us. I don't think we've left the house since I came here. You haven't even been teaching your classes, and Jack has left you alone. You went to the store once, and I haven't been outside. Surely you can see why Alana would be concerned."

Will put his hands in his pockets, mirroring the other man's posture. "I kind of enjoy the...routine we have."

"As do I, as unhealthy as it is. Perhaps we can preform for Alana as she expects, and she'll be satisfied."

Will smiled again awkwardly and watched as the dogs came running back out of the trees, "She'll probably expect you to eat and go outside, and she'll want to talk. If you're ready for that, then I'll invite her."

"I can manage."

Will glanced at him from the corner of his eye, and Winston came up to drop a stick at Hannibal's feet. The other man stared down at it and bent down to get it slowly, and he hesitated before flinging it. Winston took off after it, and the other dogs followed. His hands went right back into his pockets, "Maybe you could cook for us that night, she'd love to see that you're cooking."

Hannibal's face twisted into a a deep frown, his face was much more expressive these days. "I'd prefer not to cook."

Will swallowed thickly, "We could get whatever you needed to cook and bring it here. She'd like to hear we went shopping."

"If that's what you'd like me to do."

Will could watch the exact moment the other man was no longer seeing what was in front of him. His face went blank, and Will waited to see if he'd come out of it on his own without touching him.

-

"Stand up," he could hardly open his eyes, let alone find the strength to stand. He felt the cuffs snap onto his wrists and he braced himself against the pain right before the chain attached to them was yanked up; dragging his limp body from the floor and into the upright position. He hung from them limply, the breath of his captor wafting against his face. He opened his eyes slightly, the mask that had been his captor's face was mere inches away.

"I always imagined a man like you would be harder to break, but look at you." A gloved hand touched his bared chest and wandered lower, brushing down his ribs in a way that made him shiver. "You don't beg for me to stop though, you haven't once asked me to set you free. Why is that? Because you know what kind of person I am? I think it's because you know people like me, because you're one of them. You know begging people like us wont get you far. I'm sure you're victims have begged you, and you denied them."

The hand swept down to his hip, "You hate rudeness, yet you ignore me. You don't speak to me, isn't that rude?"

Hannibal would love to know how this man found all this out.

"If I put you on you're knees, would you beg me to stop then?"

The hand went lower. Slowly, the fingers tickled his limp member. His body tensed and he forced his eyes open. That was new, he'd never profiled this man to be a sexual sadist.

"That got you're attention. It also has me thinking, maybe you don't beg me because you know it'll make it worse for yourself. Tell me though, would you beg me to stop?"

"If that's what you'd like me to do," he whispered hoarsely, and then a rough, dirty mouth assaulted his.

-

Will was terrified when Hannibal's breathing sped up, his body shaking harder than usual. He came to stand in front of him, and gently took his arms by the wrists and took them from his pockets. He looked into his wide eyes, but Hannibal was seeing something else.

"Dr. Lecter," he said as calmly as he could. Hannibal's emotions were intertwining with his own, they were making him sick. "Hannibal, you're having a flashback. It's me Will, you're alright."

He saw the exact second the man came back to the present. A light came back on behind his eyes and awareness washed over him. He looked down at their joined hands and then back up at Will; then he crushed their lips together.

Will nearly stumbled backwards, but instead released Hannibal's wrists and placed them on his chest. He knew he should push him back, but the other man grasped his face tightly enough to bruise and kissed him like his life depended on it.

If their arrangement wasn't completely unhealthy before, it was now.

Hannibal seemed to realize this too, and he broke their lips apart and took a step back. "I...You're very confused."

Hannibal just stared at him, in a way that made Will think of a zombie. "What did you see happening? You got lost, and then you...kissed me."

"Would it be alright if we went back inside?"

Will nodded shakily and stayed a few feet back as they walked towards the house. Confused and uncomfortable, Will waited for Hannibal to bring it up again.

Instead, he sat down and picked up his book again.

Chapter 6

There was things Will didn't want to hear about from the doctors, he wanted Hannibal to tell him what he was comfortable with Will knowing about his abduction. Jack had gotten the full story that his injuries told, but Will had insisted to hear none of it.

He hadn't really breached the line of asking what happened, but if now wasn't a good time to start; he didn't know when he'd get one.

He swallowed his awkwardness and sat down on the couch where Hannibal was reading, he reached for the book and gently took it away. Hannibal was disturbingly passive now, Will could imagine him sitting completely still no matter what someone was doing to him. It sent a shiver down Will's spine. Hannibal's empty hands fell into his lap and he looked at his fingers.

"What did you see before?"

He glanced up at him, "I can't recall."

Lie.

"You can tell me, you know. You can tell me what he did to you. I know you're a professional and nothing changed that, but at the very least you can share the burden of what happened to you with someone who...cares. It may even help us catch him."

Hannibal didn't respond and Will broke the prolonged eye contact, "You know, it's hard for me. I feel like we role reversed, sort of. It hurts me so bad that you've been transformed to this. Not that there's anything wrong with you now," he blabbered on until Hannibal interrupted him.

"There was very much wrong with me then, and there is very much wrong with me now." As if on cue, a tremor ran through his hands.

"You...When you were unconscious in the hospital, they found...evidence of old head injuries..."

Hannibal's unsteady hands clenched into tight fists, "I was aware of their severity when they happened."

Will tried to be awkwardly optimistic, "You can still walk, and you speak exactly how you used to. You're memory and thinking isn't impaired; you were lucky." He winced at how terrible it sounded.

Hannibal didn't seem to notice, "I was fortunate they didn't impair my motor skills too terribly."

Will knew the basics, and head injuries could effect emotional functioning just as easily. "He didn't want to impair you."

"He wanted to rehabilitate me."

Will chose his next words carefully, "How did you know that was what he wanted to do?"

"He told me."

Will was unsure how to proceed, "Why did you kiss me?"

"I apologize for putting you in that position."

Will smirked slightly, "Don't apologize, I just want to know what brought that on."

Hannibal looked away, his gaze focusing out the window. Will shut his eyes for a moment and inhaled deeply. He focused on Hannibal and Hannibal alone; all other noise and activity vanished from his mind.

He focused on Hannibal's being; inhaling his scent. He concentrated, a taste of emotions mingling with his own the harder her tried. Desperation, fear, arousal, and guilt filled his senses, and he forced himself to be still and let them wash over him.

His body aches from the inside out, he can't even whine anymore. He just wants to sleep, he'll beg if he can just sleep undisturbed. The lips on his are brutal, until suddenly they're gone without warning. He should open his eyes to see what's happening as the chains give slightly and lower him to the ground more gently than they ever had before.

His arms are released and he lays on the stone, face down. He hears a zipper and his slow motion thoughts click into place and his heart starts beating faster with the last of his energy. He's pressed down against the ground as fingers work their way inside him.

It's surprisingly gentle, and when they brush his prostate he jerks against his will, "They never found her body, you vile animal. They never were able to tell me how she died, what you did to her before you killed her. Did you rape her? Did she cry?" His captors voice breaks and the fingers aggressively attack his nerves.

He's panting when the fingers are removed, replaced with something substantially larger, "Beg me to stop."

Will breaks himself free from the images with a gasp, his eyes focusing on Hannibal; who's watching him carefully. They stare at each other for a few moments before Will says slowly, "He.. sexually assaulted you."

"Yes."

The silence is overwhelming and Will clears his throat, "I'm not him, Hannibal. You're completely free to do or not to do whatever you'd like. I'm just here to be..whatever you need me to be. You can tell me how you're feeling and I can try to help you. I'm not mad you did that, you're very-"

Hannibal's lips are on his again, effectively silencing him. Will's hands come up and gently touch Hannibal's rib cage, and he feels the body shrink away from his touch. He takes his hands back, letting Hannibal decide what he wants to do.

It's over before Will can comprehend it, "I'm not sure why you keep doing that."

"You don't taste like the did," and Will bites his lip.

"You're in a bad place right now, the Ripper-"

"He was not the Ripper. The Ripper isn't a sexual sadist. I know who the man was, and I know who the Ripper is."

Will stands, coming to be in front of him. For the first time since they'd found him, Hannibal stares Will down without wavering. Will looks away first, "You know who he is? Why haven't you said anything?"

"He was related to one of my victims."

Chapter 7

The revelation seemed to drain any energy Hannibal had left in him; his body turned and he rested against the surface behind him.

Will mirrors the action and lays back, he considers that maybe Alana would be best for treating this...whatever it is.

"Related how? Blood, marriage?" He deadpans, closing his eyes.

"I'm not certain."

"To which victim?"

No answer.

"I don't suppose you know anyway."

Will laughs humorously, removing his glasses and rubbing his face tiredly.

"I'm going to ask Alana here for dinner tonight, and I'll call Jack about your description of the woman."

"Will, if I let myself recover..."

Will gets up from the couch, "You have to let yourself get better, Dr. Lecter."

"I'm already better, Will."

Will ignores it and goes to get his cellphone.

-

Will does his best to clean up the house. He insists that Hannibal shower and get dressed, which he agrees to silently. He hears the shower running and he decides to go to the store then. He's chosen to make something simple, meatloaf. He remembered it from his childhood; he always enjoyed it. It was easy enough, probably the only thing he could make well enough for the evening.

He returns to find Hannibal dressed in one of his suits, the sight makes Will's heart speed up. He looks...like his old self. Prim and proper; dressed professionally and classy. "I didn't know you brought one with you."

"I was sure a time would come for me to wear it again." Will looks away as he fumbles with the buttons of his jacket.

"You look...nice." Like yourself, handsome, better.

"Thank you."

"It'll please Alana."

Hannibal finally gets the buttons done and smooths his hands over the front of it. "I should hope so."

"Since you chose not to cook, I decided I'd make meatloaf," Will mutters, turning to put the groceries down. "It's the only thing I can make that will convince her that we're both eating somewhat healthily."

Hannibal lingers near the door to the kitchen while Will prepares. "I will help you," he says quietly.

It's strange, seeing Hannibal looking more like himself and still not acting like himself. He helps by washing and cutting. Will's decided on a salad, and meatloaf with mashed potatoes for dinner. Hannibal's precise with what he helps doing, but he doesn't decide to do much. Will doesn't comment on how his hands fumble slightly with tremors.

Hannibal actually slows the process down, but Will lets him do whatever he feels he can. They barely finish in time, Will's still awkwardly setting the table when Alana is at his door.

Lecter is sitting on the couch, looking too gathered. Will realizes he used to always look like that, out of place in every room he was in. That hasn't changed at least.

Alana kisses him on the cheek, and he nervously looks away. "I've missed you," and he can tell she means it. This isn't about him though, she's not here to see him.

Hannibal gets up and walks towards her, his careful and deliberate steps less obvious now. He doesn't appear unsteady on his feet like he had been. Will looks away. Alana smiles wider, "You look much better."

Will is awed when he kisses her cheek, "I feel much better." Confused, Will doesn't exactly understand what happened, but Alana is extremely pleased.

"I brought wine, but you shouldn't drink it with your medication. I also brought you these," she was carrying a bag with her, and she slipped out more flowers. Hannibal smiled a gentle smile, one Will had never seen on his face before. "I brought some to the hospital too, but you never got to enjoy them."

"That was terribly rude of me to not take notice of them, but it's extremely thoughtful of you and I appreciate it." He sniffs them in the way that he smells things, "They smell wonderful."

Will wasn't expecting such a show for Alana, but he plays his part. He's awkward and quiet as always, letting Hannibal speak for them. Will notices his hands are still shaking, apparently that's not something he can hide.

"You've been taking your medication?" She starts the questions once they're seating with the salad in the middle.

"Yes, as prescribed and on schedule."

"Fresh salad? I'm impressed."

Will smiled and glanced at her from under his glasses, "He made it."

"I'm impressed, you too have taken pretty good care of yourselves."

Will watches as Hannibal moves the salad around, taking extremely small bites. Will feels this whole ordeal is taking a toll on him. He's distressed beneath his calm mask he'd managed to craft on sort notice. Will swallows thickly, gripping his fork tightly with emotions that aren't his.

"Are you sleeping well?" She asks, her eyes traveling down to his still full plate.

"I've had a few nightmares, but I've been sleeping better each night."

Alana looks between the two of them, "This is a wonderful salad."

Hannibal places his fork down, and Will resists the urge to convince him to eat. That's always what it took, sitting there and putting effort into it. "I feel ill, excuse me" Lecter admits then, rising from the table and departing the room.

Will doesn't look up at her, "He has some trouble with food, it takes awhile. I haven't exactly figured out why yet."

Alana reaches across the table to touch his hand, "He probably wasn't fed much. You're being a very good friend to him."

Will smiles slightly, "We can finish eating if you'd like." It's selfish, he knows. He should be finding Hannibal and helping him. Instead, he want Alana to sit and have dinner with him. He wants to talk with her and kiss her again. She stands up instead, and he tries to hide his disappointment.

"He needs you right now, save the food and get him to eat it. You'll have left overs for tomorrow too," she sounds sad, "You need to push him Will, get him talking to you. Insist he talks to you..."

He gets up too and follows her to the front door, the words to convince her to stay die on his tongue when he hears retching from the bathroom. Alana smiles thinly at him, "When everything has settled down...I'd love to have dinner with you." She kisses his cheek again and he feels his face go hot as she turns and leaves him standing there without a word.

-

When he opens his eyes, the first thing he's aware of is how cold he is. The second is that he's immobilized.

He blinks a few times to clear his vision, his eyes focusing on a man standing over him. "You'll deeply regret doing this to me."

A hand tightly grips his throat, "No, Dr. Lecter; you'll deeply regret everything you've ever done."

"You'll have to elaborate, I'm unsure-"

A current of electricity charges through his body, and his air rushes from his lungs in a woosh. Just as quickly as it started, it's over.

"You'll be doing the listening, not the talking. Cut the act, I already know everything about you. I've been studying and following you for nearly a year now. I know what you've done, and what you do. You are here because someone needs to ensure you suffer for your actions. Men like you don't deserve to live."

His eyebrows pull together, "You're attempting to justify your actions, you stalked-"

The current rips through him again and his body convulses. It's stronger this time.

"I will strip everything you know about yourself, and you will regret everything about your life. You know, people like you aren't capable of remorse or regret; but I can ensure you that with enough work; you break just as everyone else does. The bigger you are, the harder you fall; Hannibal."

"You plan to torture-"

It hits him harder again, the shock vibrating him longer than before; his body reacts despite his effort to breathe. He feels bile climb out of his throat and he sputters just as the shock ends. His muscles spasm with the after shock and he breathes deeply. "This isn't a joke, and you can't talk your way out of it. You will do exactly what I say, when I say it. The only promise is that I will not kill you, I will make you wish you were dead."

He imagines himself breaking free and removing this mans head from his neck, "You-"

The shock hits him so hard his body thrashes against it's binds, and he's sputtering; vomiting all over himself.

At least he isn't wearing a suit.

-

Will hovers near him while he dry heaves into his toilet. "Try to breathe deeply," Hannibal does as instructed, his body shuddering. Will fills a dixie cup with sink water and hands it to him. He rinses his mouth out and gasps as his stomach settles.

"Alana is too accomplished to truly believe any of that," he rests back against the wall. Will adjusts his glasses on his face and glances at him.

"She knows we're trying. You need to tell me your flashbacks...when they happen," Will wishes Alana had stuck around, "She told me you.. have to tell me, to get better."

"I recalled my first memory of being there, he had rules and regulations I had to follow."

Will wants to ask for details, but Hannibal falls into silence and he knows that's all the details he's going to be getting for tonight.

He's gathered himself now, and pulls himself to stand. Will follows, frowning at how his suit still shows no sign of distress to making the man wearing it.

"I wish to sleep," Hannibal states, and Will feels obligated to say yes. He remembers neither of them ate anything, and he steals himself to argue.

"You didn't eat anything, and what you ate...well- you have to eat something first."

Hannibal stares at him, and Will sees a flash of annoyance in his eyes, then it's gone. As vulnerable as he seems...Will can sense his old friend just below the surface; he's already recovered himself, choosing to hold onto this new found dependency he'd been reduced to over the past few weeks of being home again.

It made Will uneasy, the sense that things weren't as they appeared to be growing stronger as the days had gone by. He'd watched Hannibal with Alana, he'd nearly been able to play the part of a healed victim, too healed. Small cracks in his mask of innocence and vulnerability were making themselves bigger; yet Will couldn't believe the other man would hide himself like this. He could accept he'd pretend to be so unwell, there was no way anyone could fake such dependency.

He was being paranoid, Alana would be beyond furious if she heard this.

"Alright," Lecter finally answers, and he stays close to Will as they head towards the kitchen. Hannibal eats mechanically, feeding himself small bites just to make Will happy.

"Do you feel sick?" He asks after a few bites, taking one of his own.

"Slightly nauseous," he takes a few more bites of meatloaf and pushes the plate away, "May I rest now?"

Will swallows his mouth full and nods slightly, "I..yeah, I just wanted to make sure you ate something."

The annoyance in Hannibal's voice dissipates, "I appreciate it."

-

He lays on the couch, where Will expects him to be. He reads for awhile, waiting for Will to go lay down himself; taking all the dogs with him.

He knows they can't find the man who had him, if they did; the evidence may be overwhelming of who he is. Hannibal isn't sure exactly what the man knew, and how, but he only knows for certain that he knows too much.

When they'd found him, he's disgusted to think that he was so desperate to be away from that animal and that place that he'd confessed so...easily. Confessed to crimes no one had even accused him of.

Whoever that man was, he was good. He knew exactly how to handle someone like him, his...type. He didn't respond well to just pain and ridicule; this man had studied him. He'd worked at it, gotten in his head and formulated a plan to catch him at just the right moment and keep him.

Keep him for a terribly long time.

Hannibal hadn't taken him seriously at first, he'd waited the first week out; pretending to be weak and helpless while waiting for the right moment to break his neck and drink his blood with a straw.

That moment had never come, the man wasn't fooled even slightly by his acting. That disheartened him, that he never once let his guard down; he didn't believe Lecter was ever really broken enough to not act at a moment of weakness.

Even when he had been.

He was stronger than most, mentally and physically. His...condition allowed him to experience pain and it's accompanying emotions as a third party even when they were his own feelings; until all of a sudden he couldn't watch his own feelings from afar any longer. No one had ever worked at them to find where his naturally higher tolerance ended.

No one ever came close to his breaking point, he was certain he didn't have one.

He'd been raped, starved, beaten, neglected, desensitized, and tormented; yet that wasn't what did him in; it was the vastness of not being able to control anything about it. It was when his body started to react to things without his control.

It was when his captor would say something, and he would do it obediently. It was when his mind turned itself off to the idea of ever getting free.

It was when his fingers had twitched with the urge to kill, and yet he'd had a victim handed to him; and he froze.

His captor had made him feel human, like an average, incompetent human; and after he'd felt like one, he'd been reduced to one.

His body and mind had been weakened, his naturally heightened senses dulled to the point where he couldn't even smell the rot and decay of his own soul in his own personal hell.

Now that he was free and his mind had rebooted...he was pissed. He couldn't be rehabilitated, especially by a man who was driven by grief and hate. He was driven by emotion to do what he did; Hannibal was driven by need.

Now he needed to find this man before Will or the FBI did, because he had no plan of going to jail for his crimes because the man they were looking for had enough to put him away.

He'd be lying if the experience wasn't damaging, he couldn't control the flashbacks that slipped into his mind and took control. He couldn't control the persistent shaking of his once steady hands.

But he could control anything anyone found out about what happened.

He'd managed to escape his captor and his old crimes; even after admitting to them.

He'd never let his weakness overcome him again. He had to find his newest enemy down and be sure he was silenced for good; then he could continue to be the healing victim.

And actually heal, and be free of the ridiculous flashbacks and unsettling anxieties that had taken over his mind.

It made him too average, and he'd free himself of his burden of thoughts after he no longer had to concern himself with discovery.

It was bad enough he'd admitted to his crimes, he wouldn't let someone else snatch his freedom from him.

He began going over everything that he knew about the man, anything that could point him in the direction of what victim he was related to.

The list of potentials was far too long.

Chapter 8

Where this man had access to pharmaceuticals, he was never certain.

Even he didn't have an exact name for whatever he was injected with. The first time, he hadn't even fought, his body just limply sagged against the wall while his captor slapped his cheeks to rouse him. He couldn't open his eyes any longer, he had to rest. The sharp pinch of a needle should have brought him around, but instead he hoped it would be something to put him to sleep.

It had started with a faint itch at the injection sight, then slowly crept through his bloodstream and made his skin itch from the inside. His body twitched, his fingers making a weak fist.

Then the fire started in his arm, and spread through him as if he'd been a field of dry and dead trees. Heat flowed through him, and his eyes popped open as his mouth opened in a silent cry. He'd lost his voice so long ago. His fingers moved on their own accord, clawing at his skin to release the fire that was building just beneath.

His hands were grasped-surprisingly gentle, and he was eased onto his back on the ground. His heart was pounding way too hard, suffocating him and spreading the fire in his veins too quickly.

The set of hands held his at his side, and his gurgled in his throat, gasping for air that seemed too hot to be in his body.

The need to crawl out of his own skin won and he struggled helplessly; eyes blown wide in panic. It wasn't torture- it was death without dying. His heart pounded harder at the realization that death wasn't a light at the end of his tunnel- the promise of death as apposed to agony would have soothed him.

"Please," escaped his lips in a breathless rush, his body fighting to cool him down. He was panting now, his heart threatening to stutter instead of keep up with his bodies turmoil. He willed it to stop pounding and rest.

"Say it again," he let his hands go, coming back with another syringe. Hannibal flinched, shaking his head.

"No more, please."

The smile that broke through on the man's face was...disgustingly pleased. He left Lecter's squirming body for a moment, returning with a pail of freezing water that was dumped on his head.

He licked at it, willing some of the liquid to cool his insides. He sputtered as it ran up his nose, but forced himself to inhale the relief as it choked him.

-

He woke up with a scream lodged in his throat and he got up off the couch to stretch his legs. His lip curled, and for the first time in so long he felt the fire of who he used to be igniting in his chest.

His urges hit him full force, and he paced the room that had suddenly become to small. Something whined in the corner and he spun around, Winston sat looking up at him; his head cocked to one side.

Lecter's fists curled at his sides, resisting the urge to break the dog's neck and leave his body on the floor for Will to find.

Will.

Asleep in the very house he was pacing in, He'd never had someone so close and unsuspecting when his needs became strong enough to strike.

And also someone so undeserving of such a fate. Winston whined again, dragging his thoughts back to the moment.

It was one thing to destroy Will's mind, but an entirely different thing to destroy his body; the ultimate ending to their story.

He knew that was how their story would end eventually, or something along those lines at least.

But today certainly wasn't the day, Will didn't deserve the amount of rage he had running through him.

And the recent...events that had occurred in his life had certainly set that time back even further.

He inhaled deeply, his fingers uncurling; which Winston took as a gesture to nuzzle his dangling fingers. His body jerked at the sensation of the wet nose forcing it's way into his palm.

He heard Will coming; knew he most likely wasn't even asleep while all this was happening. He emerged in his pajamas and a pack of dogs behind him, and Winston whined again and circled him, coming to sit by his side.

Will looked from the dog to him, standing very out of place in the middle of the dark room. "You had a nightmare?"

Winston rubbed his face against his leg when his hand stopped stroking the top of his head, and he returned his finger tips to brush his head. He didn't look at Will, he stared into space just outside one of the windows.

Silence followed. "Winston doesn't want to stay with me, he wants to be out here with you."

He looked down at the dog, and wondered if it would kill someone is prompted enough; as he often wondered about the dog's owner.

"I understand your inability to sleep with much more clarity now, Will."

Will took a step closer, Hannibal could tell without looking up, "Tell me what you dreamt of this time."

It wasn't prying or demanding, just requesting. "He drugged me, and I asked him to stop."

Will shut his eyes and imagined the feeling of self-hatred a man like Hannibal would experience upon being forced to beg someone to stop the agony. He felt the waves of distress and pain crash over him, followed by the urge for it to just end.

"Anyone in that position would have begged for it to end, Dr. Lecter," Will pulled himself away from the thoughts before they managed to take him over. Hannibal walked to the couch, sitting down gracefully. Winston joined him, sitting faithfully at his side. Will was silently grateful that Winston had taken such an interest in the distressed man, and a sense of pride that he was so attentive; and pleased that Hannibal accepted the affection of the animal so openly. His animal.

"Thank you, Will. I apologize that I keep disturbing you."

Will waved it off and took a step back, resisting the urge to go to his friend and push the hair from his face. "You aren't disturbing me, but Winston can stay if you'd like him. Or I can keep the door closed to he doesn't keep coming out here."

Hannibal glanced at his new companion, the dog eyed him carefully. "I'd enjoy his company."

He pretending not to see the extremely happy smile that crossed Will's face just as he retreated with his other dogs.

Hannibal reclined again, Winston rested at his feet. He was surprised that the dog was so attentive, careful not to take up too much room. He hated animals, but he wasn't rude; this was their home and he wouldn't put them out of it.

He was a guest, after all.

He was glad he had changed out of his suit before laying down, he couldn't stomach dog hair on the nice fabric. The dog rested his head on his shin and Hannibal listened to the animal's slow even breathing while he closed his own eyes.

He imagined his hands being the thing that halted those calm breaths, but not the harmless beast by his feet. No, that would be too easy and unjust; the animal had no perception of anything beyond the basic pain, affection, and loyalty. Animals were too innocent for him; to banal. Too much like children.

Though an angry dog could possibly be a task for him. A herd of them even more so.

He pictured Will's dogs attacking him if he ventured into the man's room with the scent of the urge to kill on him.

Winston sighed a deep breath at his feet.

Chapter 9

Will hardly sleeps, but he's used to that by now; instead he listens intently for any sound of distress from the couch. The house remains silent until the darkness outside the window turns into a dark blue and the birds begin to sing. He reaches for his glasses and yawns, realizing he must had dozed off without even realizing it.

The dogs shuffle around on the floor and he gets up to let them out; finding Hannibal curled on his side on the couch, Winston's watching Will from Hannibal's feet. He looks..peaceful; and Will envies how Hannibal can have a dreamless sleep despite his turmoil.

Will wants to touch his hair, he's recently become fascinated by it. The strands aren't blonde or brown; but somewhere in between. Slicked back, it's darker; it makes him seem years older. When it's hanging on his face, it's lighter and soft looking; it makes him look young and at ease. His facial features are gentle, almost boyish, in his current state. Will swallows roughly, his eyes flickering down to the faint brushing of chest hair that's visible above the collar of his t-shirt.

Seeing Hannibal in these past few weeks made him realize how he'd looked at the man as a perfect stone; the only person in the world who was tumbled around enough to be smooth and pristine.

Will's face twitches at how still the other man is, and he takes a few steps closer. It's been awhile since Will had felt himself slipping away, and he is. He has been, but focusing on someone else had distracted him.

Now he feels himself drifting away again; his thoughts catching in Hannibal's nightmares and tangling with his own. He cant looks at the man without feeling a deep settled agony in his chest.

Hannibal had always grounded him, and now he was in no position to ground anyone. They could ground each other, Will thought; his lips twitching into a haunted smile. He rubbed his face once, unsure where the sudden onslaught of thoughts had come from.

Hannibal had kissed him, would he be opposed to Will reciprocating? He'd had a moment of weakness, Alana would accuse him of taking advantage of a man in a hindered state. Will never realized he craved this closeness until Hannibal started staying with him.

Waking up and knowing that there was another living breathing person in his house, someone who his dogs loved and who interacted with him; someone who was broken and different, just like him.

His heart swelled and he craved the closeness, so much his heart started to ache painfully. He was pulled closer like a magnet, until he was standing right over his friend. Winston lifted his head again, watching and waiting. Will wasn't one for control, he never initiated; but this time he found his hands brushing the fine hair on their own accord. He crouched, studying the man's face up close.

His eyelashes casted faint shadows over his eyes, and Will could hear the slight breathes escaping the man's parted lips. He wanted to inhale the same air.

Hannibal's eyes opened, swiftly, and Will realized sickeningly that the man must not have been fully asleep. Will was mere inches away, and his eyes wandered away in shame. "Will?"

His fingers were frozen against Hannibal's cheek, his eyes averted to look at Winston.

"You're developing feelings for me," it wasn't a question, more of an observation. Will chuckled a harsh, awkward noise that was too loud for the silence. His fingers slipped away, and he pressed his knuckles to his lips.

"I...Lately, with everything going on; I keep feeling all these emotions tangled up and I don't what's really mine and what's yours and what I'm making up." His face scrunches up in discomfort and Hannibal sits up.

"You aren't accustomed to spending so much time in on single person's company, especially in your home. Nor am I." Hannibal sounds much like his old psychiatrist self, and Will feels his chest ache at the realization that Hannibal wont be staying here with him forever. He shouldn't even want him here forever, he should want him to get better and not need to stay here. His life should be able to go back to the way it was, he was just supposed to be helping a friend.

"I don't understand why I can't have one normal thing in my life."

Hannibal's finger tips touch his chin gently, urging him to look up; and he can't, for fear he'll see pity in those once emotionless eyes. "Developing feelings is perfectly normal, even if the affections are misplaced."

Will stood on shakily legs, "That's your nice way of saying you don't feel the same way."

Alana was right, he was unstable. Hannibal was too, not permanently; what would the man want with him anyway?

"It's my way of saying I can not return your feelings, and that you should put all of your efforts into pursuing your affections towards Alana Bloom instead. These newfound feelings, they've developed because-"

And Will kissed him, leaning down to brush their lips together. He was tired of hearing that his feelings, even the ones that warmed him, were wrong and misplaced. Lecter didn't push him away, and he crouched down lower and kissed him back. "Please don't psychoanalyze my attractions." He whispered when their lips parted.

"Well pardon my doing so, but you seemed to have developed them out of nowhere; and acted upon them. It's-"

And Will cuts him off again, their teeth clashing roughly, "Dr. Lecter, they didn't develop out of nowhere, I just identified them."

Hannibal leans himself back and away, and Will flushes hotly. "I'm attracted to your company. I've never had someone spend so much time with me, or have someone...need me."

Hannibal looks at him intently, "Our relationship has long ago crossed the lines of professional, for two people such as ourselves; it's even beyond a friendship."

Winston stretched and made his way to the floor, and Will glanced towards the dogs that were sitting patiently staring at them.

"We're not people who make friends."

Hannibal's lips curled into a half smile, "No, we aren't really."

"Alana would kill me if she knew about this."

His smile grew into a more genuine one, "She may just, but it can be a secret of ours. No one has to know about anything that happens between us."

Will made a brief second of eye contact, "Sounds suggestive."

"It very well may be."

Chapter 10

He had Will on his side; unsuspecting and confident that Hannibal was a victim of a terrible crime. Now he had to find the man who abducted him and remove him from the equation before more of the story could be revealed.

Will had awkwardly stood and backed away from him after the kisses, and their day had been rather uneventful afterwards. Will was cautious not to be to close to him, and Hannibal didn't invade his space. It humored him, watching the other man purposely ensure there was at least five feet between them at all times.

Will offered to go for a walk with him and the dogs, and he accepted and they followed their same path again. Will made small talk, which was interesting to Hannibal; Will wasn't a small talker. It gave time for Hannibal to think. He had to remember everything he could about his captor, that would be the only way to find him. He had to remember everything the man said to him, he was nearly certain he had given away his identity, and perhaps he wanted Hannibal to track him down again.

"Will, will you tell me about what happened when you found me?"

They were standing at the edge of the woods by Will's home, watching the dogs chase after their imaginations. Will tensed next to him, "What do you remember?"

He closed his eyes and inhaled deeply, his wrists ached with phantom pains at the memory of hanging from them for so long. He remembered his captor kissing him and saying this was goodbye for now.

He remembered his chest tightening with the thought of himself hanging there until he died.

"I'm going to give you something so you sleep, when you wake up they should have found you. If not, it's because they aren't looking anymore."

He was panting for air at the words, his limp body jerking against the chains trying to plant his feet on the ground. The man shushed him gently, touching his face, "Don't upset yourself. I'm giving them your location and they'll come for you. My goal was to only punish you for your crimes, and I've succeeded. If they choose not to come for you, you've done that to yourself."

His throat was too tight to swallow when he felt the pinch of a needle in his arm, "This will just make sure you're calm until they come, it's for your benefit."

He remembered fingers touching his cheek before his memories ended.

When he opened his eyes Will was staring at him, "I remember what happened before he left me there."

"You don't remember when we first found you?"

He bites the inside of his lip, the holes in his memory seem to be huge gaps of time that he just can't fill even with his imagination. It's crushing, having holes in time that you don't even remember how much time they really were. How much did he forget? It didn't really matter to him, he could go on without remembering everything; but he knew he had to find the man he was looking for. He would kill him, and no one would know that man wasn't the Ripper. He would die for Hannibal's crimes.

He had to fill the gaps in his memory in order to find the man.

He remembered the drug seeping through his system, his mind wandering around aimlessly while his body hung limply in his own personal hell. The trouble was that he couldn't tell the difference between what his mind made up and what was real. He remembered seeing Will numerous times; sometimes his captor's body would take on Will's face. He was drugged most of the time he was there, he hallucinated a lot.

"I have trouble understanding what was actually happening and what the drugs caused my mind to invent."

Will smirked slightly, "I know the feeling. They found a lot of drugs in your system, when I found you, you were nearly incoherent and very disoriented. They kept you asleep for almost two weeks while they treated you're injuries. You were awake though, briefly, when we first found you. Jack wanted me to be the first one to try speaking to you. The doctor's said for someone who suffered such extensive trauma it was easier to treat you while you were unconscious. They moved you from ICU and you were there for three days before you discharged yourself."

Will's babbling awkwardly stops as if he's realized he's shared too much at once. Lecter listens carefully and tries to piece together the information to fit the holes in his memory.

He remembered a lot of poking and prodding. He'd worked in hospitals for years and he'd never been on the receiving end of the treatment. It was a helpless feeling, watching through blurry eyes and a hazy mind as nameless faces worked all around you.

"I don't recall any of that."

Will is looking at the dirt below now, "It's probably for the better, you were very sick. They treated the infections and stabilized you. It was easier if you were asleep and calm."

"Where was I, when you found me? How did you know I was there?"

"An unidentified caller called Jack's office and gave them the address to a big abandoned meat warehouse. You were in the basement chained to the ceiling."

They're quiet for awhile, and Hannibal chews the information over in his head. He had to find his way back to where he was being held, he had to retrace his captor's steps to find the man that took him. "Will you take me there, to where you found me?"

"Why now? They've scrubbed the place down, he cleaned up before he left."

"I want to remember now," it was as truthful as he could be without giving too much away. Will wouldn't approve of him chasing after the man on his own and he couldn't afford to have the FBI getting in the way.

"You can't tell Alana we went there."

-

The sun is setting when they arrive, and it was a building that Hannibal had seen before. It wasn't hidden or secluded, just simply there. It unnerved him that it was so public. He couldn't remember being moved around, he wondered if he'd been here the entire time.

The doors still aren't locked, and Will leads them inside and right to the stairs. "You're sure about this?" Hannibal doesn't reply, he just walks forward and stays close to Will as they head down the stairs. It smells terrible, he must had grown accustomed to the stench from living down there, he hadn't smelled how terrible it was.

"They took prints from everything and bagged the stuff that could be evidence. This is what's left."

He shuts his eyes and remembers, carefully going over the memories he has to infer some information about his captor.

Nights where he was given so much Adderall he couldn't keep his eyes closed long enough to try to sleep. His insides twisted at the memory of his stomach twisting painfully with cramps.

Nights where he was blindfolded and fucked over and over again.

"Tell me how she died, how did you kill her? Why?"

Endless pinches of needles all over his body, drugs flooding his system to the point where his body spasmed with tremors of near overdoses.

A tube shoved through his nose and down his throat when he refused to eat.

Medical training.

Middle aged man, his daughter maybe.

Maybe his wife.

His fingers clutch at the floor until his nails bleed, and it's moments like that that the hands are gentle.

When his body is taxed out and he's clutching at anything and babbling desperately is when the solid hard hands are suddenly...comforting.

Remorse. Guilt.

He stopped pushing him when he was on the verge of breaking.

He's laying on a table and there's straps on his legs and chest. His mouth is forced open and there's something solid on his tongue and a pressure on his nostrils. He holds his breath as long as he can, and then warm liquid pours into his mouth and he chokes.

"Calm down and swallow, you have to vomit. I've given you too much."

Too much what?

Everything comes back up, all over himself.

"I wonder if this is what she'd want." Sadness.

"My little girl wouldn't want you to suffer, she was a good girl. What did she ever do to you?" A daughter, not a wife.

He's finally sleeping when he's shocked, the current radiating from his groin and he shrieks, "Tell me why they never found her body."

He's too weak to walk and the man half drags half carries him, "I'm too old for this."

He lets him sleep finally, but he peeks from behind his lids and the man has a slight limp.

The smell of cigarettes.

Middle aged man with a limp.

"I told her she was getting too involved and she wasn't ready yet." He's in a daze, his mind floating around him while his body lays there helplessly. Fingers stroke his face and hair, and he watches from afar.

"Don't you wonder how I know who you are?" The memories bleed together for him, flashing behind his closed eyes. Little snap shots of his life as the hunted. "I'm not a violent man, I'm not you, Dr. Lecter. I want you to tell me what you did with her, they never found her body. She had spoken to me on the phone that day, right before she went to see you. She never came home, so I followed you and I know what you are. I want to finish her work for her."

Finish her work.

His eyes open into the basement, Will staring at him wide eyed; and he knows.

He inhales deeply, and he knows who the man is. Will's phone rings and they both jump in surprise.

"It's Jack."

They speak briefly, and Hannibal runs it over in his head once more to be certain. There is only one victim this man could have been related to. He's eager to see the man again, eager to... he isn't even certain.

"Jack wants me to look over a potential lead for the man that abducted you."

Hannibal slips his hands into his pockets and is careful not to reveal that he's come to a discovery of his own. "Would you mind leaving me at my home before you return to Virginia?"

Will's frowns slightly, "Will you still be staying at my house? Will you be okay?"

He's careful to show just the right amount of discomfort, "I believe I will be, but would it be alright if I drive over when you return home? I do want to spend some time at my house, but I'm not certain I want to be there alone." Will can account for his whereabouts then.

Will smiles slightly, "Sure, whatever you need."

-

His house is silent, just the way he likes it. It smells the way he left it, it's been completely undisturbed; that pleases him. He heads directly to his cellar, unlocking the heavy door and heading down the stairs. The stench reminds him of the warehouse he was kept in; only there really is decaying meat down here.

He nearly gags when he opens the freezer, the thought of the meat he'd collected being left to sit for so long disgusts him.

And angers him.

If he hadn't been kept for so many months, his meat wouldn't had gone to waste.

That thought alone sends him back up the stairs and into his car. He hesitates, remembering he hasn't driven in awhile, then he laughs at himself and backs out of the drive way.

Chapter 11

His anger had nearly dissipated by the time he reached the small house on the other end of the city. It was rather secluded, the houses had big lawns and yards, separating them. He parked in the parking lot of a small strip mall down the road, and went around to his trunk. He stared at the only black hoodie he owned. A mist had started wetting the air around him and he shivered slightly as he removed his suit coat and folded it neatly into the trunk and zipped the sweatshirt on. His legs ached with phantom pains as he shut the trunk and limped back down the road.

His entire body was started to ache, his wrists throbbed with tension and he put his hands in his pockets to rub his fingers over the handle of his scalpel.

He's panting so hard he isn't even making any noise, no air is finding it's way into his body. His body is twitching on it's own accord and he struggles to breathe. His shaking hands grasp at his chest and he wheezes a tiny breath before it tightens again and he swears he's having a heart attack. He can feel the organ pounding so hard he shuts his eyes and hopes it explodes from over working.

Then the current stops and his tense body slacks back against the floor and he inhales so hard he almost throws up.

He tastes the familiar taste of blood and he realizes he's bitten his tongue. His body shudders with exhaustion and the mucus on his face drips and his gasping breaths are the only noise that breaks the silence.

It's not enough oxygen to support his body, his head is heavy and light all at the same time.

Hands gently grasp his and he realizes he's dug his fingernails into the bruised skin on his chest. He jerks at the contact, flinching further against the ground.

"Open your eyes." And he does even though everything is spinning around him.

"Breathe in as deeply as you can through your nose," and he struggles to do so, closing his mouth has his chest constricting and he might suffocate. He shakes his head and starts panting again, his dry tongue sticking to the roof of his mouth.

"Shush, calm down and do what I said." He tries again, a sharp inhale through his nose that he exhales instantly through his mouth.

"Try to hold it." The room spins even faster and he groans, fighting against himself. He inhales again, holding it before letting it out through his mouth slowly. "Again."

He does as he's instructed, the mucus drips down his lips and he's surprised to feel a tissue clear his face of the offending substance.

The room slows down and he breathes normally again, his muscles weightless against the ground.

He hears his captor move around and he braces himself for another shock, and his mind accepts he most likely wont survive another one.

He shuts his eyes again and thinks back on his conversations with Will. Will. He visualizes the man sitting in his house surrounded by dogs, a vile frozen dinner in his lap. It comforts him slightly and he holds the thought close in his mind and braces himself for more pain.

He drifts off like that, never realizing his tormentor had already left the room.

A car horn jerks him back to reality and he bears his teeth, his breathing heavy. He looks around, his car is a few feet behind him and he's standing in the now steady rain in the dark.

He barks a laugh, his lip curling in disgust. He's being reduced to a sheep. The emotions that had flooded him like waves during a storm recede back, leaving him feeling nothing that he doesn't usually feel. He's mechanical again, he's rational and controlled; he's himself.

He walks again, disgust rolling through him at the idea of being so boring. Being so effected by an event so crude, a person like him... People like him don't have these problems. His fingers rub the cold metal blade in his pocket- his type of people didn't get into those situations.

He was the predator, the hunter; no one hunted him. And yet he'd been hunted, on his own territory; right outside his own office. Like a pig to slaughter. A sheep. He had herded himself right into the pen. He had been hunted by his prey, and now his normal functioning was being disturbed.

He gritted his teeth and walked a little faster until he was right in front of the house. He'd sent flowers of condolences after their death in the family, that was how he knew exactly where he was going.

Maybe that's how this man knew how to find him.

He progressed to the front door slowly, ringing the bell with cold indifference.

He would not allow himself to feel anything.

Until the door opened.

Chapter 12

Cigarette smoke circles around the room just beyond the door, and the smell tickles his extra sensitive senses. The man in the doorway stares at him, a small smile creeping onto his lips. Hannibal's fingers rub along the cool metal in his pocket and he remembers who he is and what he is. He's in control, of himself and of everything going on around him.

"It's been far too long," the shorter man comments, stepping back in a surprisingly inviting gesture. Truthfully, Lecter hadn't really been able to decide how this would go, but he did know how it would end. "Come in, Hannibal."

The man was making it easy.

He debates briefly the best course of action before stepping inside. The air is thick with smoke and stale sweat and Hannibal takes smaller breaths in an attempt to ease the turning of his stomach.

"I knew you'd be here sooner or later; you look well." The statement is meant to be taunting, but he's taunting the wrong person.

"Mr. Lass, this isn't a social call. We have no relationship between us to speak on friendly terms." Hannibal keeps his eyes on the man closely, his fingers idly rubbing the metal almost out of compulsion.

"Oh, but this is a social call or you would have killed me already. Kill me too soon and you'll miss some very important information about our time together."

Lecter's face shows nothing, and he's pleased to discover he once again feels nothing. The cold, numb wind that bounces around inside him has returned, and he wishes he could shut his eyes and savor the silence of his mind.

Perhaps it's the comfort of a kill to come.

"I recall enough of our time together, and I know why you did what you did."

Lass smiles a yellow smile, and Hannibal wants to remove each of the stained teeth. "After Mariam was murdered, my wife committed suicide. I was diagnosed with lung cancer not too long after, I had nothing to lose by finding you. I knew from the moment I decided my plan that you would come back for me."

All of his years of following the code of humanity nearly made him fake sympathy for the man's unfortunate situation, "You wished to avenge the death of your daughter, which caused the death of your wife because you are terminally ill and are going to die even if I do not kill you myself?"

Lass sits on the couch, and Lecter keeps his place by the front door. The house is in a state of complete disgust, the signs of a man living with no reason to care apparent in the mess. "Yes.

I may have come for you anyway, even if God hadn't given me the green light. Cancer was an excuse, a promise that I wouldn't have to live much longer without my family. You don't have children; it's a shame. Children have a way warm even the coldest of hearts."

Hannibal stared at the man as he coughed before lighting another cigarette. "I am sorry for the pain I caused you, but I did it to benefit you as well. Did you realize nothing?"

Lecter held his silence. Silence was comforting to him around this man, it came easier than words. "Still not much of a talker. Will you at least grant me the closure of knowing what happened to her? My Mariam?"

Another heavy silence covers the room, and Lass lets out a bitter laugh before standing and approaching his old television. Hannibal's eyes follow him like the lion watches the gazelle; he's so still he hardly breathes. He turns it on and the set comes to life, "Even if you wont give me my closure, I'll give you yours. You can fill in the holes in your memory by watching these."

The recording comes to life of Hannibal laying on the ground, he whimpers pathetically and attempts to stand.

He hadn't even known he was being recorded.

He tries to push himself up, his arms won't keep him upright long enough to get his legs under him.

'Going somewhere?' His eyes cross as his body collapses back down again, and the man brushes his fingers against the back of his neck, 'Save your strength.'

He snaps out of it at the sound of his own recorded cry of pain and he lurches forward and has Lass around the neck and on the ground.

"Your daughter died quickly, she was not a life I intended to take; an unfortunate casualty. I did not rape her, I do not rape my victims. I did not torture her, and she did not beg for her life. She was unconscious. I realized many things from my time as your victim, Mr. Lass. I do not consider you a smart man, a smart man would have alerted the authorities. There is your closure."

He finally slips the blade from his pocket and lets it slip into Lass' skin. The sight of the fresh blood nearly makes him moan in relief; the tension of repressing the urges so fully released from his body all at once and he inhales the scent deeply.

This is his closure.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!